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EDITORIALS

SYDNEY ALLEN STONE

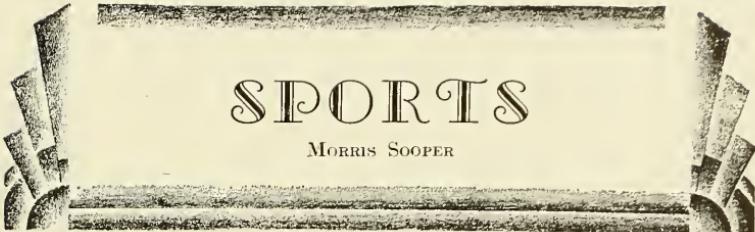
UNDEFEATED

OUR football team has passed through a difficult schedule, emerging with a record that would be envied by any school in the country. Behind that record lies many fights, much cheering and exhortation, and conscientious training, both physical and mental, in the science of the elusive pigskin.

Spirit is often responsible for success. Only the will to win can bring results from the hours of lecture on spinner plays, defensive tactics and forward passing. "Fighting Hearts Can't Be Beat" was exemplified in both spirit and action by our team. The results were gratifying to all concerned. Let us hope that this motto will not pass with the close of the football season, but will live in us throughout the school year and later life.

WHAT A RECORD!

| | | | |
|--------------|----|-----------------------|---|
| N. F. S..... | 21 | Baltimore City Col... | 0 |
| N. F. S..... | 38 | Emerson School..... | 0 |
| N. F. S..... | 22 | Brooklyn City Col... | 0 |
| N. F. S..... | 12 | Wenonah Mil. Acad... | 0 |
| N. F. S..... | 15 | Peirce School..... | 6 |
| N. F. S..... | 26 | Temple Prep..... | 0 |
| N. F. S..... | 20 | Elizabethtown Col... | 0 |
| N. F. S..... | 18 | Williamson Trade S... | 0 |



SPORTS

MORRIS SOOPER

"THE UNDEFEATED GREEN AND GOLD BULLDOGS OF 1931"

THE undefeated season just completed, in the face of the most difficult schedule ever attempted, will go down in Farm School annals as being represented by one of the greatest football machines in the history of the institution. This aggregation, from the football standpoint of necessity, had to be superb in every department of play in order to achieve the results obtained. Several noteworthy factors making this outstanding team possible, are deserving of mention.

With all respects to previous teams, which were worthy of the honor brought upon the school, this outgoing aggregation had the highest type of morale and mental equipment, as compared with any group of boys I have handled. In many of the hard games played incidents occurred discouraging to the morale of many teams, but these boys kept the same determined attitude at all times, and continued to press on for the desired results in spite of setbacks during the games. The football intelligence of the team was outstanding at all times, the players being smart, and led by an outstandingly clever and alert player and captain, Elson. They were alert and at all times outsmarting their opponents, especially in crucial plays of the game.

This undefeated team had no outstanding star or individual who might be termed as the backbone of the eleven, yet this same aggregation performed smoother and with more machine-like precision than any previous team to represent the school; and that is saying considerably, with all respect to previous football teams, which have been very good.

The harmony, cooperation, and disposition of every man on the squad made the task of coaching these boys pleasant and enjoyable. The good fellowship and spirit predominated among the squad at all times, and many close friendships were formed among the boys during their contacts on the football field. The desire for hard work prevalent at all times, made one feel that the boys were keenly concerned with the ambition of going through an undefeated schedule. Very seldom was it necessary to mention the necessity of training rules, which were explained to the squad early in the season, and followed by them almost religiously.

The above mentioned facts are from the introspective analysis of the football team, and in reality the underlying cause for the superb exhibition of

football seen on the field in all the games this year. It is also remarkable to note that in spite of the difficult schedule, the team at no time had a let-down which would cause an upset that is very usual throughout a hard-played schedule. The strong defensive work of the entire team was an outstanding feature of the playing schedule, when one considers that only six points were scored against the Farm School aggregation, which not only gives it the best defensive record in the history of the school, but also the best defensive record of the season for all Prep and High School teams in the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Offensively, the team was not held scoreless by any opponent, and the ability of the boys to execute intricate plays, and successfully perform the function of blocking and interference, which are the most vital factors in offensive football, is a credit to their desire for hard work and the results obtained.

The student body, faculty, and personnel of the school played no small part towards helping in this successful season. The spirit shown in backing the team was an inspiration to the boys on the field.

S. B. SAMUELS.

THE GREEN AND GOLD BULLDOGS

NOVEMBER 26, 1931, marked the end of the most successful football season in the history of the National Farm School. Converting raw material into a championship team was indeed a task for Coach Samuels. The team improved with each game and its progress towards the ultimate peak of success was rapid. This team will not easily be forgotten and will be the topic of discussion for many years to come. The greatest line in Prep School ranks is what other teams have called it. It is the greatest in the history of the school, and may be the greatest for years to come.

The men on this undefeated and untied team are:

Captain "Huncher" Elson was, without a doubt, the greatest tackler that ever donned a suit at Farm School. His leadership on the field inspired the team to its greatest efforts. Elson played a bangup game at left tackle.

"Bob" Goldstein, the southern flash, played a great game at center and acted as assistant captain. Goldstein's defense game was superb, and he was always fighting to the last.

"Bud" Edelman was the most consistent ground gainer with the trick reverse play. He defended his end to perfection and was a vicious tackler.

"Marty" Lazarow dazzled the opponents with his brilliant end and off-tackle runs. He was one of the high-lights of the backfield.

"Hy" Citron, the best of our guards, stopped many a backfield man by his vicious tackling. He was the best defense man on the line.

Harry Caplan, beyond doubt, was the greatest backfield man that ever played for the Green and Gold. His punting, passing and running the ball was equivalent to that of any college backs. His punting averaged about 34 yards throughout the season. He was the quarterback and called the signals for the past two seasons.

"Si-ox" Newman, the Indian warrior, was responsible for holding Wenonah on the three-yard line. He was the hardest working player on the squad.

George Van Dernoot was the stonewall of the line. His trusty toe always gave us an advantage in kicking off and point after touchdown.

"Reds" Portnoy, the "Cha
called the smartest of them a.
shrewd and hard game throug
season.

"Babe" Harmon, the jumpin,
was the plunging fullback. He wa
sistible and had a great year.

"Cap." Klein often broke into the
field combination, where his dee
running enabled him to make great

Jack Kirschenbaum of "swaying
hips" fame was the fastest man :
backfield. He was a dangerous
around the ends.

Leo Waldman was the line pl
When a yard or two was needed, V
man got it.

"Army" Armstrong performed cr
bly at the end position. Very few p
gained through his zone.

"Primo" Cohn added strength to t
line. The backs gained consistent
through his territory.

Martin Pitt, not able to make the V:
sity for three years, showed a fighti
spirit and won Varsity honors.

"Milt" Rozenzweig earned the covet
"F" as manager of the football team.

MORRIS SHAPIRO.



CHOOL BOWLS OVER NAH IN GREAT GAME

of the most exciting and thrills that ever took place on the Field, Farm School took the scalp Wenonah team. The Wenonah is the most coveted treasure in the annual Farm School's Hall of Fame. Farmers beat their traditional foes

features of the game were the attack of the Wenonah team, and manner in which the mighty Green old line held the invaders twice on three-yard line. Here was a good ple of "Fighting Hearts Can't Be".

he Farmers scored both their touch-
ns by end runs with Bud Edelman
ying the ball. The play throughout
game was fast and furious, with
enonah making quite a few substitu-
ons. The big Green and Gold team was
tirely too much for the fighting and
eretofore undefeated cadets.

The line-up:

| <i>Wenonah</i> | <i>N. F. S.</i> |
|----------------|---------------------|
| eed..... | left end..... |
| leirch..... | left tackle..... |
| ssi..... | left guard..... |
| ard..... | center..... |
| Crosson..... | right guard..... |
| me..... | right tackle..... |
| nino..... | right end..... |
| my..... | quarterback..... |
| in..... | halfback..... |
| | halfback..... |
| | fullback..... |
| | Lazarow |

SCORE BY PERIODS

| | | | | |
|-------|---|---|---|------|
| | 0 | 6 | 6 | 0—12 |
| | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |

ns: Edelman, 2.

s: Farm School—Kirschenbaum,
Newman. Wenonah—Wald, Clark

FARMERS WIN HARD TUSSLE FROM PEIRCE

Entering the game with an unblemished record, the Aggies were caught off their guard by the strong Peirce School football team, and the Green and Gold line yielded its first touchdown of the season. Fighting with their backs to the wall through the first half, the Farmers staged the greatest comeback of the year to defeat the Peirce team by a score of 15 to 6.

The Farmers opened a whirlwind of offense in the second half that virtually swept the Peirce School men off their feet. "Fighting Hearts" were not to be denied a victory and the Aggies once again proved their superiority.

This game marked the first time this season that the Green and Gold went into the air. Three passes were thrown and two were good for substantial gains, which paved the way for the first touchdown.

Harry Caplan, the Green and Gold Field General, was the star of the game. Time and time again he ripped through the Peirce team for long runs. Carrying the ball on an off-tackle run, Caplan shook off five would-be tacklers and ran 30 yards for a touchdown. The seven mules in the line once again lived up to their reputation by holding Peirce to a single first down in the second half.

The line-up:

| <i>Peirce</i> | <i>N. F. S.</i> | |
|-----------------|-------------------|--------------|
| Carrigan..... | left end..... | Armstrong |
| Weleb..... | left tackle..... | Elson |
| Denetree..... | left guard..... | Newman |
| Latwoski..... | center..... | Goldstein |
| Chase..... | right guard..... | Cohn |
| Dorsman..... | right tackle..... | Van Dernoot |
| Connors..... | right end..... | Edelman |
| Roche..... | quarterback..... | Caplan |
| Canalichio..... | halfback..... | Harmon |
| Murphy..... | halfback..... | Waldman |
| Allen..... | fullback..... | Kirschenbaum |

AGGIES TROUNCE TEMPLE PREP WITH EASE

After five terrific football games with no let up whatsoever, the Aggies had a breathing spell with Temple Prep. Using only straight football, the Farmers easily marched up and down the field for their share of touchdowns.

Withdrawing his regulars, Coach Samuels sent the "Door Mats" into the battle. Realizing that this was their opportunity to come through with the goods, the Jayvees duplicated the feat of the Varsity and scored a pair of six pointers.

Kirschenbaum and Klein each scored two touchdowns. The line-up:

| <i>Temple Prep.</i> | <i>N. F. S.</i> | |
|---------------------|-------------------|--------------|
| Reed..... | left end..... | Hummel |
| Liven..... | left tackle..... | Cohn |
| Berman..... | left guard..... | Citron |
| Myers..... | center..... | Goldstein |
| Guston..... | right guard..... | Portnoy |
| Miller..... | right tackle..... | Van Dernoot |
| Loman..... | right end..... | Edelman |
| Bull..... | quarterback..... | Caplan |
| Speall..... | halfback..... | Armstrong |
| Viznold..... | halfback..... | Klein |
| Kiddell..... | fullback..... | Kirschenbaum |

SCORE BY PERIODS

| | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|------|
| N. F. S..... | 7 | 7 | 6 | 6—26 |
| Temple Prep..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |

Touchdowns: Klein, 2; Kirschenbaum, 2.

Point after touchdown: Van Dernoot, 2.

First Downs: N. F. S., 18. Temple, 5.



AGGIES TRIM ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGIANS

After the let-up game with Temple Prep, the Aggies started the same dizzy pace that they had been setting in previous games.

Opening up the season with a lightning-like offense that the Collegians could not stop, the Aggies marched on to two touchdowns. The visitors exhibited one of the stiffest defenses that has been seen here this season, but they lacked the punch in their offense.

The finest play of the season was executed when Caplan ran the ball back from kick-off eighty yards for a touchdown. Caplan, aided by some beautiful clipping, ran through the entire Elizabethtown team.

Lazarow skirted right end for eighteen yards to register the second touchdown, and Bud Edelman added the third by a reverse play.

The line-up:

| <i>Elizabethtown College</i> | <i>N. F. S.</i> |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Husand.....left end..... | Hummel |
| Siders.....left tackle..... | Cohn |
| Wilson.....left guard..... | Citron |
| Sloat.....center..... | Goldstein |
| Wichenheiser.....right guard..... | Portnoy |
| Shippley.....right tackle..... | Van Dernoot |
| Best.....right end..... | Edelman |
| Plummer.....quarterback..... | Caplan |
| Werr.....halfback..... | Lazarow |
| Spice.....halfback..... | Waldman |
| Fisher.....fullback..... | Klein |

SCORE BY PERIODS

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----|---|---|---|----|
| N. F. S. | 13 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 20 |
| E. C. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Touchdowns: Lazarow, Caplan, Edelman.

Points after Touchdown: Van Dernott, 2.

First Downs: N. F. S., 16; E. C., 5.

FARM SCHOOL TROUNCES WILIAMSON IN FINAL

Before a holiday crowd of 4,000, the Green and Gold Bulldogs handed the much heralded Williamson Trade School

Mechanics a real lacing. The Aggies were not to be denied a perfect season in this fray. Straight football, together with some really deceptive plays, paved the way for the first touchdown. From this time on, the Farmers were in control of the situation.

Another exhibition of a stonewall defense was displayed when the Aggies held the Trade School twice on the five-yard line. The seven mules again demonstrated their power, by having only 6 points scored against them. Williamson never really threatened the advantage.

Harry Caplan, our 150-pound dynamite quarterback, played with admirable skill, and was the hero of the day. He grabbed a kick on the 50-yard line, and ran through an entire team for the score. A 40-yard pass that resulted in a score was also of his making.

Harmon and Waldman, the midgets in the backfield, were practically unstoppable until they had gained eight or nine yards. Harmon gave a wonderful exhibition of twirling and twisting, which resulted in many good gains.

The line-up:

| <i>Williamson</i> | <i>N. F. S.</i> |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| Keller.....left end..... | Armstrong |
| McGray.....left tackle..... | Van Dernoot |
| Roeder.....left guard..... | Citron |
| Krauss.....center..... | Goldstein |
| Harricks.....right guard..... | Portnoy |
| Rumps.....right tackle..... | Elson |
| Brown.....right end..... | Edelman |
| Weaver.....quarterback..... | Caplan |
| Ingraham.....halfback..... | Waldman |
| Wodyeak.....halfback..... | Lazarow |
| Adorian.....fullback..... | Harmon |

SCORE BY PERIODS

| | | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|----|----|
| N. F. S. | 6 | 0 | 12 | 18 |
| Williamson..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Substitutions by N. F. S.: Cohn.

Touchdowns by N. F. S.—Caplan, Armstrong, Edelman.

First Downs: N. F. S., 19; W. T. S., 3.

 SPOTLIGHT OF THE TEAM

| | |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|
| Elson..... | <i>The Heaviest</i> |
| VanDernoot..... | <i>The Tallest</i> |
| Caplan..... | <i>The Adonis</i> |
| Cohn..... | <i>The Laziest</i> |
| Portnoy..... | <i>The Crooner</i> |
| Goldstein..... | <i>The Well-Dressed</i> |
| Harmon..... | <i>The Sleeper</i> |
| Edelman..... | <i>The Pugnacious One</i> |
| Kirschenbaum..... | <i>The Solemn One</i> |
| Lazarow..... | <i>The Talkative</i> |
| Citron..... | <i>Surprise!</i> |
| Newman..... | <i>Pride and Joy of the Dean</i> |

While we sing the praises of our footballers, let us not forget the men behind the team. The managers, trainers, and other white collar servants are responsible for much of the ease and comfort with which our boys are supplied.

To "Ross," the genial major-domo, we are thankful for the smooth running of this important part of the game.



OUTLOOK FOR THE BASKETBALL SEASON

Now that the football season is ended successfully, and talk of our "Wonder Football Team" wanes, the scene shifts to basketball. Will the Green and Gold duplicate on the court the performance of the gridiron? The answer to this question rests with the men who form the nucleus of this year's quintet.

Coach Samuels has the same combination that went through undefeated last year, having lost only one man by graduation. Van Dernoot at center, Caplan and Fineberg at the forward posts, and "Huncher" Elson and Captain Shiffman at guard, present a pleasing combination that should be hard to beat.

Boutilier and Edelman, who were a pair of first-class subs last season, will try for Varsity berths again.

Coach Samuels has arranged the most difficult schedule that a Green and Gold combine has ever attempted. The game with Penn State Frosh alone is an indica-

tion of what he thinks of the team. Three other college frosh teams are on our roster. The partially completed schedule is as follows:

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE 1931-32

| | | |
|-------------|----------------------------|------|
| January 9 | —Brown Prep..... | Home |
| January 16 | —Palmer..... | Home |
| January 22 | —Fri., 7 P. M.—Temple..... | Home |
| January 23 | —Pending—Drexel Fr..... | |
| January 30 | —Camden Commercial..... | Home |
| February 6 | —Osteopathy Fresh..... | Home |
| February 10 | —Pennington School..... | Away |
| February 13 | —Pending—Ursinus Fresh. | |
| February 20 | —Penn State Fresh..... | Away |
| February 27 | —Williamson School..... | Home |



*W*aldman
*E*lson

*C*aplan
h *A*rmon
*N*ewman
arms *T*rong

kirschen *B*aum
 goldst *E*in

*L*azarow
c *I*tron
*C*ohn
*K*lein
 ed *E*leman
 van *D*ernoot



CAPTAIN JESS ELSON, '33
 The dynamic force behind the team, and
 the "outstandingly clever player and
 leader" of our victorious eleven.



BUD EDELMAN
 "The Pugnacious One"

LITERARY

CHESTER ROGALSKI

MY FIRST LOVE

HOW old was I then? Eleven or twelve years? More, probably thirteen, for before then it is too early for a third grade Gymnasium student to be seriously in love. However I won't venture for certain, considering that in European co-ed schools the heart matures early. If I do not remember well when it happened, at least I can tell exactly how my first love revealed itself.

During one of the summer vacations that I usually spent at home, my mother had gone for her evening walk; I slipped into her bedroom and rummaged through the drawers of her bureau, which she always kept in admirable order. Those drawers were to me a museum; there were sewing materials, jewelry, and different things carefully wrapped in tissue paper. I used to ponder over them, and then return them to their place. But one day I remember, as if it were today—in the corner of the middle drawer, lying on some fancy lace, I saw something glittering like gold. I put my hand in, and drew out a portrait in a golden frame. I was attracted to it at first sight. It was a lovely creature, such as I had never seen, except in dreams. The girl of the portrait must have been some fifteen years old, a girl in her full beauty. Her face was oval, but not too long; her lips full, half open

and smiling; her eyes beautiful, spreading love in every direction.

Even today I am astonished at the surprising effect of that miniature upon me. I had already seen here and there portraits used to represent beautiful women. It often happened that in the illustrated papers, in the mythological engravings on our school walls, or in a shop window, that a beautiful face attracted me. But the miniature I encountered in my mother's bureau was a magnet—a powerful magnet. You could see that it was not the work of a painter, but the image of a real and actual person of flesh and blood.

As I have already said, it was more than a copy, it was the reflection of a living person, from whom I was separated only by a wall of glass. I seized it, breathed upon it, and it seemed to me that the warmth of this human angel communicated itself to my lips and circulated through my veins—At this point I heard footsteps in the corridor. It was my mother, returning from her walk. I had time only to put the picture back, shut the drawer, and walk over to the window, adopting the rôle of an innocent little boy. My darling mother entered. Upon seeing me, she gave me a sweet kiss and asked me if I had been turning over her things as usual. She then pulled out a

big box of bombomien (candy), and said, "Wait a bit. I have something you will like."

"I do not want it. I do not want it."

"You do not want it? What a wonder! You, who are greedier than a cat."

"I am not a little boy," I exclaimed, drawing myself up, "I don't care for sweets."

My mother looked at me half-humorously, with a pretended irony upon her face. She laughed heartily, and said, "To me you are always a little boy."

Angry, I rapidly escaped to my room, where I fell on my bed, only to begin musing upon the girl of the portrait.

From that day and hour I could not keep my thoughts from her. As soon as my mother would take her walk, I would slip into her room, open the drawer, bring out the portrait, and lose myself in a long reverie of sweet thoughts. I became ashamed to kiss her, imagining that she would be angry at me, and would only press her to my heart, and hold her against my cheek. Before entering my mother's room and opening the coveted drawer, I washed, combed my hair, fixed my tie . . . as I have seen usually done before venturing out upon an affair of the heart.

At school, I often happened to talk to my room-mate, a boy of my own age, who was very proud of his sweetheart, and who would show me love letters, photographs and flowers, and would ask me if I hadn't a sweetheart with whom I could correspond. Bashfulness filled my heart, and I only replied with a hurtful, "No." One Sunday I went to play at the house of some girl cousins, who were really very pretty, the eldest of whom was not yet seventeen. We were amusing ourselves looking into a stereoscope, when suddenly one of the girls, the youngest (who counted fourteen summers at the most), secretly seized my hand, and in some

blushing manner whispered into my ear, "Take this." At the same time I felt in my hand a rubber toy in the shape of a heart. The girl ran away, smiling and casting side glances at me; but I cried out in turn.

"Take this," and I threw the heart at her. This made her tearful and morose the entire afternoon, for which she has not yet pardoned me even now, though she wrote to me recently, telling me of her engagement.

The short time which my mother spent in evenings for her walks were too short for my admiration of the portrait. I decided to keep the miniature in my room, and went about all day hiding myself from the household, as though I had committed some crime. In fact, since I had accomplished the theft, there was no limit to my vagaries. At night I hid the picture under the pillow of my bed, and the contact of the splendid miniature gave inspiration to my wonderful dreams. The girl of the portrait, alive, graceful, and beautiful, would come towards me, and would make me sit on a stool at her feet, and would pass her white hand over my head. I would read "Goethe's" *Menschliches Liebe*, and she would smile, and thank me for the pleasure which my reading afforded her.

With all these fanciful ideas, the fact is that I fell in love, and became strange to my affectionate mother and the family.

"In this dangerous and critical age of development, everything is alarming," said my grandfather, who used to read in books of medicine. He would anxiously study my eyes, my pale lips, and above all, he would worry over my complete loss of appetite. The family would worry about me, taking me to picture shows, giving me new and strange foods, urging me to drink plenty of fresh milk—I noticed that at the table, my mother showed signs of worry about me, and

looked at me anxiously. I hypocritically lowered my eyes, deciding to die rather than confess my crime. As soon as I was free from the gaze of the family, I found myself alone with my sweetheart of the portrait.

One sunny morning I overslept . . . As my mother came into the room to wake me, she noticed the picture in my grasp. Upon close examination she disclosed the picture to be a replica of her girlhood days.

"My dear boy, you are spoiling the only good picture I have of my youth."

My fingers released their hold on the miniature. I still don't understand how I could make such a big mistake.

"Don't you think I am as pretty now as I was when I married dear old dad?" came her sweet voice.

My head dropped, and I almost fainted. My mother lifted me in her arms and made me swallow some water. My first and purest love I gave to my mother, but never again did I wish to enter my mother's room.

MANUEL YABLONKO.

THE ENCHANTED WOODLAND

*Sitting all alone in the great forest,
I sense the haunted whisperings in the air,
And between the fantastically shaped trees,
I see woodland Elfin and Dryads appear
From their magic chambers beneath the leaves,
Scantly clad in mystic array,
In and out of the trees they play;
The fairy queen in splendour reigns
Over all the woodland peoples, in her spiritual domains;
But,—a human footstep and like a dream they disappear.
The trees again are gray and bare, no woods and peoples there.
They appear only in moods and dreams,
And through no material eye can they be seen.*

C. M. ROGALSKI.

THE BURIAL OF A QUEEN

THE fire burnt low in the hearth of the quaint old tavern. Comfortably seated before it were Ben Johnson, John Ford and Lodge of Hawthornedon, drinking their ale, and smoking their pipes amidst a sea of conversation. While they were thus enveloped by volumes of floating white smoke, grey old Sexton Scarlet, with his spade, pick, and lamp, noiselessly edged his way into the inn. He sat down at one of the tables, and called for ale. Lodge, however, soon noticed his presence, and invited him to the fire to enjoy his ale with the others. Scarlet took his place among his friends and began drinking his ale, the smack of his lips between gulps lightly resounding through the room.

All were thus sitting back comfortably, enjoying their ale, when suddenly Ford leaned forward, and with his grim, black eyes fixed on the Sexton's hand, exclaimed, "That's a marvelous ring you have there, Sexton."

The sexton stared at him and without a word slowly stretched out his weather-beaten hand, but it was bare.

All was silent, except for the momentary crackling of the fire. Ford was the first to pierce the silence, by insisting that he had actually seen a ring on the sexton's hand. Then the sexton spoke.

"You saw no ring," he muttered. "You just caught the firelight on my finger. What did the ring look like?"

"A band of gold with a heart-shaped ruby, a ruby worth the ransom of a queen," responded Ford.

"Well," sighed the sexton, "that makes the second time."

"Why do you say that?" interrupted Ben.

"Let me tell you the tale," he replied. And, waiting a few moments for the others

to set themselves as comfortable as possible, he began.

"My uncle Robert was a great sexton in the St. Petersborough Cathedral, where he became famous for burying two queens. I helped him with the second—Queen Mary of Scotland. We buried her at midnight in the presence of some of her true friends, among whom was an olive-complexioned foreigner. There were few that knew of her funeral, for we buried her upon the morrow, Lammas Morn.

"Round the tomb they stood, enveloped by a dark, heavy gloom. The faint light of the herald's torch struggled in vain with the thick darkness. Their rings of smoky red could only show a few sad faces. We laid her in the grave and closed her tomb. With echoing footsteps all the mourners departed, and I remained behind to latch the door. As I turned the key a quivering hand was laid upon my arm. I turned, and saw the foreigner with the olive-colored face. He drew me into the shadows of the porch, fell on his knees, and begged me to go back with him and reopen the tomb. I thought the man was mad. As he lifted his face, imploring me to comply with his simple request I saw, by the mellow light of the moon, a crimson thread encircling his throat, as though the headman's axe had cloven it so cleanly that the head had not slipped from its trunk.

"I gasped with horror, and dropped my keys. I tore myself loose from his grip, and, sweating with fear, hastened home. The next day, Lammas Day, I borrowed my uncle's second bunch of keys and went back to the cathedral to search for my keys and to lock the door. 'Twas growing dark, and as I thrust my key into the lock I was seized with fear. The door was already locked from within.

I slowly withdrew the key. Gathering courage, I tried the southern door. It, too, was locked, but not from within. With a heart beating as fast as a trip-hammer, I slowly opened the iron-studded door and stepped in. A wave of sweet, warm incense enveloped me and weighed me down. A languor came over me, and, sitting in one of the stalls to rest a bit, I closed my eyes for just a minute. Suddenly I heard a rustling in the nave. Looking toward it I saw—or thought I saw—twelve tapers, with kneeling figures before them. Shifting my gaze to the west, I saw Queen Mary's tomb—open. Then I heard a deep, mysterious, broken voice, whispering soft and strange words of love. Then I heard him pray. I, too, fell on my knees and prayed, for as if in answer to his prayer there came a moaning sound from the great organ. The music died away, and I heard the shadows bid her sweet farewell. I couldn't stand it any longer; I reeled, swooned, and knew no more.

"When I awoke I saw, by the light of the moon, my keys on her tomb. I struggled to my feet, picked up the keys, locked the door and went home, shivering with fright."

Here the sexton took a draught of ale, smacked his lips, and continued,

"Sirs, since that terrible night I have been a different man. I never could dig graves in Petersborough churchyard again, so I came to St. Magdelenes, in London. I chanced to drink my ale here in the Mermaid Tavern; 'twas All Souls Eve; and right where Master Ford is now sitting, Master Shakespeare sat. The lights burnt low, when suddenly he leaned forward, just as Master Ford did awhile ago, and exclaimed, 'Timothy, that's a marvelous red ruby you've got there!'

"My blood froze within me. I stretched out my hand and it was as bare as could be. He looked at me in a puzzled manner,

but said nothing. Then, seeing my empty pipe, he filled it and lit it for me.

"Soon after that I told my troubles about this ring to Peach, the astrologer, and he told me that only three men would see it. The first would do me honor; the second would give me gold; the third would warn me—of—of my—death. He spoke truly, for the first, Master Shakespeare, honored me by lighting my pipe."

Ford laughed grimly, and, in order not to break the spell, gave old Scarlet an angel, thus fulfilling the second prophecy of the astrologer.

The sexton then shouldered his tools, lit his pipe, and, bidding all good-night, shuffled toward the door. As he stood inside the door of the passageway that led to the outside, Ben saw a sparkle of red on the sexton's hand. The old man turned to him and stared.

"Twice in a night!" he whispered.

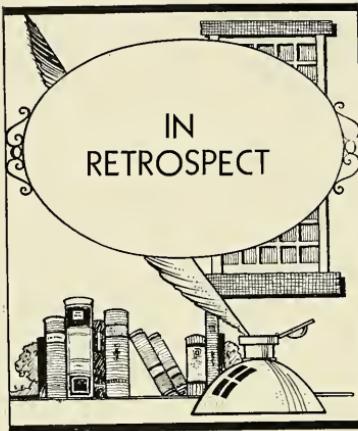
"Oh, no! I only saw the red gleam of your lantern light," quickly replied Ben.

"You needn't be afraid. There's nothing now in life or death that frightens me. If the warning comes, I am ready."

By the dim light of his lantern, he struggled up the narrow street and disappeared.

The next morning they found him dead.

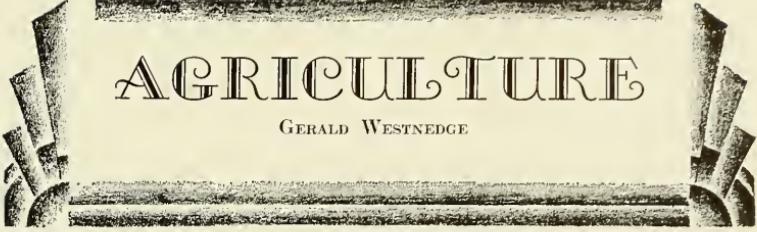




WITH this issue off the press, the senior staff of THE GLEANER makes its final bow at Farm School. We have worked hard to serve our school in this field, and if you enjoyed and profited by our issues, we feel well rewarded.

We owe much to Mr. Harold K. Fleming for his guiding and helpful spirit, and for his admirable cooperation with the staff. To Mr. S. B. Samuels we are obliged for increasing and conserving our tidy little subsidy. Those of the student body who have contributed material and suggestions have been our means of studying our faults and our good qualities. The editor thanks the staff for its willing spirit in the work, which is hard to do in the face of obstacles such as are presented when cooperation is lacking. To the future staff we leave a fertile field for future development and service. The training you will receive in this work is valuable, and some day will serve you in good stead.





AGRICULTURE

GERALD WESTNEDGE

FARM COOPERATIVES

FEW people realize what Farm Cooperative organizations are; what they are doing; and why they are doing it. More people should know about these cooperatives, which are really the salvation of the western farmer. I will try to acquaint you with a few things about them.

The purpose of these cooperatives is to enable the farmer to market his products so as to give him a better return for them. He often buys supplies through these agencies, and pays less than retail price. The cooperatives educate the farmer in the business side of his calling. Orderly marketing replaces the cut-throat competition of the open market.

An agricultural cooperative is not co-operative agriculture. The first of these agencies formed were local in their efforts, established mainly for the purpose of eliminating competition among the farmers of a small community. The competition present under these conditions always resulted in profit to the middleman and loss to the farmer.

Of necessity, the product offered for sale by these agencies must be of uniformly good quality. The first problem then was the education of the producer-members to the fact that only a superior product would sell well. Then, this product must be produced at a profit. Efficiency in production was inaugurated.

There are certain factors which automatically govern the cooperatives. They are responsible for success or failure. There must be a recognition of the need for group effort on the part of the producers concerned. Capable management is a prime necessity. The manager must understand his work well, and those in the association must work with him. There must be a large volume of business. Enough must be assured to make full use of the time and skill of the employees, and also to make full use of the capital invested in land, equipment, and supplies. The amount of capital required varies with the volume of the association's business, but must be sufficient to cover all its operations. Most cooperatives formed without adequate capital fail, or make no headway until enough capital is accumulated. Federal Intermediate Credit Banks loan money to groups of small cooperatives, who, banded together, have the necessary capital securities to float a loan. The locals raise money through sale of stock, bank loans, and accumulations of profits.

These associations must be run on a one-man-vote policy, in order to create the mutual trust and confidence so necessary to success. The members must understand the principles of this form of selling. Returns to the producers are made on the volume of business sub-

mitted by them, and no one man can capitalize the success of the agency.

In the period between 1900 and 1923 there were 336,426 business failures out of a total of 2,313,712 businesses. The ratio here is 14½%, or about 1 out of 7. During the same period there were 11,130 cooperatives, out of which 190 had ceased to operate. The ratio here is about 1 to 12. Sounds a little better, and it was better. In 1923 there were 12,000 cooperatives, having 1,500,000 members, and an operating capital of \$2,000,000. This is merely the beginning of this form of business, and the future may merely be guessed at.

By giving a deeper insight into business problems, better understanding of social and economic questions, and an organization through which civic and social activities may be fostered, these associations have done much more than confer financial benefit to their members.

GERALD WESTNEDGE.

FARM SCHOOL HERD MAKING RECORD

Our Ayrshire herd, consisting of five milking cows, is well on the road to a world record for milk and butterfat production, under the supervision of the Ayrshire Herd Test. We are now in second place, which makes our herd outstanding among famous herds in this country. If our cows milk as well during December as they have during the past months, we will probably have the coveted first place. Our only serious contender at present is the famous Deepwells herd, at Long Island. To beat out this herd is an enviable feat, and the boys at the dairy are doing their best to accomplish it.

Individually, our Ayrshires are excellent producers. Two of them will finish the year with over 14,000 pounds of milk and the other three should average 10,000 pounds. Most of them are consistently high testers. Our herd averages 4.08% butterfat at present, and this has varied very little during the year.



DEPARTMENT NEWS



HORTICULTURE

The horticultural department is trying something new in Farm School, in the way of growing spinach. Seed is sown in the middle of September, with a wheelbarrow grass-seeder. Ten pounds per acre is sown. Harvest will start in the last week in March. In February another field will be sown while there is yet snow on the field, or before a threatened snowfall. The snow softens the ground, and the seeds work themselves into the top-soil. The alternate freezing and thawing helps this a little. The crop from this seeding will be ready for harvest in May.

For the first time in years, we harvested a good crop of cucumbers and celery. The celery is stored in the beds, along with the carrots, beets, and rutabagas. The crop was small, but of excellent quality. The apple crop amounted to 5,000 bushels, including 3,500 of Yorks. All are now graded. A new rhubarb bed has been planted. Egyptian onions are also to lend an exotic flavor to our spring diet.

DAIRY

Our entry in the State Farm Products Show at Harrisburg will consist of Guernseys, Jerseys, and Ayrshires. With the entries from Fritzlyn Farms and Bolton Farms, Bucks County will be well represented there.



GENERAL AGRICULTURE

All the wheat is threshed, and now the oats are undergoing the same process. Fall plowing is finished, and corn husking is practically at an end. We used to finish husking in February. This year we are snapping the ears of the standing stalks in a few fields. The sod lands for next year's corn are being given a dressing of manure. Farm machinery has received a supply of new tools, including wrenches.

LANDSCAPE

The mulberry trees and boxwoods in front of Ulman Hall have been shifted to new positions. At the dairy a new planting was made. Such horny things as Hawthorne trees, Hercules Club, and Barberberry bushes were used with the hope that the cows won't use them for breakfast.

At present there is very little work being done at the school. Several outside plantings were made.

New hotbeds are being made.

The department is hoping to beat the Japanese beetle to the lawns in the spring or there won't be any for the new Freshmen to mow.



FLORICULTURE

The boiler at the greenhouse has been going quite a while now to keep the flowers from catching cold. The bulk of the chrysanthemums were sold during the Thanksgiving holidays. Calla lilies are coming into bloom now and a good crop is expected. To follow these, geraniums have been transplanted from flats to $2\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pots. The snapdragons have been transplanted into flats and have been wired. Greenhousers are looking forward to a bumper crop of snaps and calendulas. The mums, commonly known as chrysanthemums, will soon be taken out, so that sweet peas may be planted in the beds the former now occupy.

It is a real pleasure to walk into the greenhouses at this season. Everything outside is dead, but once inside the doors of the houses, we see growing plants, flowers in blossom, ferns, and many queer shrubs in full foliage.



POULTRY

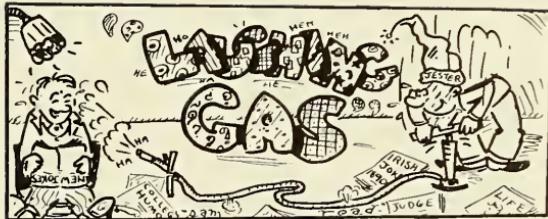
We are trying out a new mash on two of our pens. This consists of 600 pounds of our regular mash, to which has been added 200 pounds of kelp. The kelp is supposed to replace all minerals, cod liver oil, and milk. Mortality is also supposed to decrease. The cost is a little higher than the present feed, but the results should be worth it. The B. W. D. test will be given this month. Breeders are finishing their moult, and soon we will be saving hatching eggs. The boys may be interested to know that we are selling some eggs each week through the Doylestown Egg Auction.

DAIRY

Recently the International Harvester Company donated a large size electric separator of the latest type to the dairy. This is a welcome addition to our creamery apparatus. Ayrshires are to be the advertisement feature of our herd, apparently. Our five milking heifers, on test since January 1st, are on the way to a world's record. The average for the five is now over 500 pounds of butterfat, and the record we have to break is only 526 pounds. WE STILL HAVE A FULL MONTH TO GO!

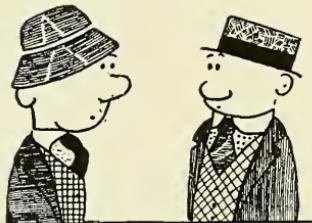
A new set of stairs has been built in the Creamery Building. Production is now about 900 quarts a day, running a little below normal. The cows are now permanently stabled for the winter. A safety bull pen is building itself up, with a little aid from the boys and Mr. Brenneis.





They called him SALAX, because he was a running fool.

If you are caught in hot water be nonchalant—take a bath.



Nicholson—"I'm a different man since I met that girl in New York."

Silverberg—"How come?"

Nicholson—"I gave her the wrong address, and the wrong name."

Drunk (over the phone)—"Hello, is this the meat market?"

Owner—"Yes, sir."

Drunk—"Well, then, meet my wife at 4 o'clock for me, will you?"

Miss Banks—"Marks, give me a sentence with the word 'heterodoxy' in it."

Marks—"No!"



They had been together many times. Now she had a little trouble.

Would he help her out?

He couldn't see why it was up to him. She finally prevailed—

Her brother was a good sport—he paid off the mortgage.

Stewed—"Did you hear about the girl who wore cotton stockings?"

Prunes—"No, what happened to her?"

Stewed—"Nothing."

Crafin—"Who was the mother of Moses?"

Neshaminy Prodigy—"Pharo's daughter."

Crafin—"But she only found him in the bulrushes."

Prodigy—"That's her story."

THE DAILY RAKEOFF

"A Paper for People Who Can't Think"

VOL. XX, No. 5

Sans Date, Sans Weather

Price ?

MANCHURIAN SITUATION BECOMES CRITICAL

Chinese War-lord Embarks for Homeland

General Tung-Lu Malkin, youthful Eastern Potentate, will sail for the Orient this week. General Tung-Lu has already sold his very extensive laundry business, which is one of our billion dollar industries. The General is by no means a mere business man, having taken degrees at Oxford, Cambridge, Farm School, and other universities here.

While studying for his master's degree here at Farm School, he engaged in a duel with Hashimoto Kazoo Angert, son of the Famous Hasheesh Magnate of South Philadelphia. This quarrel is reported to be one of the underlying causes of the present strife in the General's homeland. Tung-Lu, in an interview with the Rakeoff reporters, made the following statement:

"In the words of my revered grandfather Ybuchi Triuhoy, 'As ye rip, so also shall ye sew'."

FARM SCHOOL LANDS IMPORTANT POTTERY EXHIBIT

Many Exotic Specimens Shown Here

At the famous Hallowe'en Dance here, the visitors were offered a novelty in the form of a Choice pottery exhibit. The winners in the order of their standings were: Zuckerman, Liove, Frank, and Stone. The winners showed a surprised audience their well-known specimens of all sorts and descriptions, and displayed an astonishing amount of nonchalance concerning their winnings.

FAMOUS SCIENTIST VISITS HERE

Professor Olanoff Mobbed by Admiring Debs

The famous author-scientist of the Steppes was lionized by an admiring crowd of society debs, meat inspectors, rat exterminators, and pursuivants, as he was dumped at the docks by the crew of the *S. S. A. LIVERWURST*.

When asked by our reporters what he thought of the influence of the Sympiesometer on the exportation of Endives, he replied, "We must not speak too lightly of those making history in Tasmania and Schwartzberdel." Professor Olanoff intends to spend most of his stay here in the south (Philly).

"Editor's Note"—In enlightenment to our readers and morons, Prof. Clanoff is the discoverer of the cure for Xanthocyanopsis. He is also the author of "Behaviorism Among Repressed Capons."

WHAT IS YOUR SOCIAL RATING?

Are You Polished or Shellacked?

Have you taken an educational course with the U. S. School of Music?

Did you ever give Charles A. Atlas a chance to make a man (new) out of you?

What brand of cigarette do you smoke furiously when you find yourself in a lady's boudoir?

Do you use Listerine?

Have you dared to face the facts of life?

Do you put your faith in a Body By Fisher?

Do you possess a libido?

Dare you abuse your Adam's Apple?

Glycol-Terpene-Thymol. Do you use it? If so, why not?

Were you laughed at when you sat down at the piano?

Do you believe that no metal can touch you?

Is your milk supply from cows that died happy?

Do you still have that school-girl complexion (and a red tie)?

Have you Athlete's Foot? Eventually, Why not now?

ADVERTISEMENTS

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FRANK & FRANK

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LEBOVE, INC.

We Didn't See the

Penn-Cornell

Classic



EXCHANGES

MILTON ROSENZWEIG

Blue and Gold—Conshohocken, Pa.—*The Blue and Gold* is a new addition to our exchange department. It is a novelty to receive an exchange that is radically different from other magazines. In respect to departments, it is somewhat similar to other magazines, although we notice that the exchange department is not functioning in this issue. Its difference shows up in its conciseness of form and arrangement. A cut for each department would not go amiss.

Academe—Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.—*The Academe* is to be commended for its variety of articles. Each department has its full quota of articles. This is the first magazine we have ever seen filled to capacity with short stories, articles, notes, jokes, etc., making it a very interesting magazine to read. The arrangement of the different departments is very good. There is one department, however, that seems to be slighted. If you wish to receive exchange magazines, why not comment on them instead of just acknowledging them? We would like to mention one of your poems which made a hit with the students of this school, namely, "The Teacher's Dream," by M. W. '32. It is outstanding.

The Southron—South Philadelphia, Pa.—*The Southron* comes through again with a well-balanced issue. It has taken another step toward perfection by joining the A. B. S. Service. This step should be taken by all school papers, thereby acquainting the student body with the

doings of the other schools in the U. S. A. Your magazine is just about perfect, *Southron*. Keep up the good work.

Blue and Gold—Concordia, Bronx, New York.—This issue gracefully denotes the sincerity of purpose the school holds in regard for its students. Every one of the articles is there for a purpose and not merely as fillers. We particularly enjoyed the jokes. What you need to do to make your magazine more appreciated is to illustrate the context of a few of the articles with cuts. You will be surprised to see the difference a few well-distributed cuts make.

Onas—William Penn High School, Philadelphia—Another outstanding paper is the *Onas*. Even though it is a Girls' High exchanging ideas with a Boys' Agricultural school, their paper is appreciated. This school organ is compiled and arranged in a pleasing manner and its contents are well worth reading.

The Scribe—Haddon Heights High School, Haddon Heights, N. J.—The enlargement of the *Scribe* clearly indicates that the school is buzzing with activity. Possibly in the not too far future we may be able to receive the *Scribe* in a magazine form.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Community Messenger—Y. M. H. A. Community Home, Trenton, N. J.
Index—Haverford School, Haverford, Pa.

Aggazette—Farmingdale, Long Island, New York.

CAMPUS NEWS

ROBERT GOLDSTEIN

TALKING PICTURES AT N. F. S.

HOW many students in Farm School have dreamed and hoped for a real honest-to-goodness all talkie movie here at our school? Well, that's just what we had—thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schlesinger of Newark, who gave us a pre-view of their trip around the world on the steamship *Columbus*. The movie was entitled "Around the World in Eighty Minutes, and was highly amusing and entertaining.

Quoting Mr. Schlesinger, "We visited nineteen countries, fifty cities, and numerous towns, villages, mountains, and seaside resorts, covering over 35,000 miles.

"Weather conditions were nearly ideal during the entire cruise on sea and land, excepting at Naples and Pompeii, where a torrential rain storm greeted us. The same thing happened at Hilo, and the Hawaiian Islands in general. Nearing the equator we met the hottest weather. For a contrast, at Calcutta it was 93 degrees in the shade, and the following morning in the Himalayas it was 39 degrees."

Economical conditions in the various countries visited were depicted in vivid reproductions. Needless to say, anyone who missed "Around the World in Eighty Minutes" lost a valuable lesson in geography, and missed a most enjoyable evening. Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Schlesinger.

THANKSGIVINGFESTIVALDINNER

Farm School celebrated its annual Thanksgiving dinner rather prematurely, on Wednesday evening, November 25. The banquet was enjoyed by all who attended. The turkey has many admirers in our student body. A rather soothing touch was added to the repast in the form of music by our own Harmonious Hay-seeders. The famous Troubadour helped by crooning a few of the numbers in his own inimitable way.

ASSEMBLY

October 14—On this date we were entertained by Mr. Ballantyne, of the American Automobile Association, who gave us a very interesting talk on public safety.

He stressed the coordination of mental faculties in promoting safety, dealing especially with the hazards of the present day Auto Age.

November 11—Armistice Day was celebrated in Assembly by the student body. Farm School's greatest orator, Mr. Stangle, gave a very absorbing talk, portraying the miseries and hardships of the Great War. As he spoke from experience, the audience was held spellbound, and appreciated his sincerity. He said, "Now we celebrate Armistice Day by offering a silent prayer of thanksgiving for that 11th day, when no more cannons raved in war—that glorious mad Day."

The assembly closed with the singing of "America".

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

In the Dairy Department they are feeding cattle, in the Poultry they are feeding fowl, in the Apiary, bees. In General Agriculture they feed the multitude. Does anyone ever assume an air of contemplation as to what they are feeding in the English Department?

This poor, underprivileged department has had to be of a retiring nature because it could not be so bold as to presume that it could take its place beside its more important agricultural cousins. Why, even the cattle resented the invasion of students who quoted Shakespeare when they were being milked. The poultry voiced their sentiments when students meditated on topics for themes while hens clamored for food. And can you picture the resentment when a certain student decides to go over his oration on the theory of Eugenics just when the sow is

in dire need of assistance with her newborn litter of piglets?

Happy to relate, however, after a brief period of ostracism, this department has been admitted to the Agricultural Society, and permitted to take its place beside its agricultural cousins.

The English Department is now feeding the students oratory. Each student writes an oration on an interesting and significant topic. He memorizes it and delivers it in an effective and expressive manner. These orations are delivered each Wednesday at the regular Assembly periods.

Thus far the following persons have delivered orations on the following topics: Nathan Shapiro, "Tolerance and Altruism"; David Finkle, "This Scientific Age"; and Benjamin Dinitz, "Opportunity".

(Continued on page 28)

STARTLED AWAKENINGS

On Monday, November 2, the nurse received a peculiar case of buckshot to care for. This opened the hunting season at Farm School. Many friends of the school took advantage of the Dean's hospitality to go gunning on the outlying farms. Some of them got pheasants, others rabbits, and most of them, sore feet. Few apple pickers were killed this year, due to the aim of the sportsmen, or rather, the lack of aim.

MR. SCHMIEDER ADDRESSES
HORTICULTURAL CLUB

Mr. Schmeider, our botany, chemistry and entomology instructor, spoke before the Horticultural Society on November 4. He gave an interesting talk on "The Relationship of Bees to Fruit Growing" to one of the largest crowds to attend the club programs this season. Refreshments

were served after the meeting.

The Horticultural Society is planning several interesting programs for the future.

N. F. S. MUSICAL ORGANIZATION

The annual Christmas concert at the Optimist Club's dinner for crippled children at the Penn A. C. will close the 1931 season of the band.

As many of the regulars will be graduated next March, much time is being spent teaching new members. Nevertheless, Lt. Frankel has added several new selections to the band's ever growing folio.

Discussion of the annual banquet has occupied much time at the last two monthly meetings. Last month President Pollachek appointed a banquet committee, consisting of Spivak, Foster, Rosenzweig, Zorn, Finkle, Mersky, Lazarow, Silverberg, Bendersky and Goldstein.

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

The seniors are busily at work on their Yearbook. Photography seems to be the main issue at present. The time is drawing near when the boys will leave us, to look elsewhere for work, meals, and pleasure. Anyone who knows of any jobs open will please see a member of the Senior Class Committee on Eventual Unemployment.

DANCING GOBLINS

Gay costumes, dancing amid corn fodder, pumpkins, and other seasonal decorations to the tunes of the Harmonious Hayseeders—all this and more was to be seen at our annual Hallowe'en Dance, given on Saturday night, November 7, in "The Den".

Mrs. Bergman chaperoned a bevy of beautiful Janes, mostly from southern regions (South Philly), and a more orderly affair has yet to be seen at Farm School.

Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde, in the person of Nate Shapiro, and aided by his pal and crony, Tiny, provided ample amusement during intermission.

To top the occasion, cider and pretzels were served in the way of refreshments. Incidentally, the cider is a home product, being manufactured by local talent, with the use of our own orchard products.

Credit should be given this year's council for the manner in which the dances have been conducted. Several of the new song hits played were further enhanced by the crooning voice of Joe, our own Troubadour.

Citron—"How will they test my intelligence?"

Adeleman—"I don't think they can test it, but they can probe for it."

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 27)

The judges are Mr. S. Samuels and Professor H. Schmieder. At the expiration of the contest the judges will determine, by a process of elimination, which students shall then be eligible for prizes and possibly deliver the winning speeches at the time of graduation.

While some orations triumph over others in content and delivery, the consensus of opinion is that they are splendid, the orators exceptionally fine. Now, why not have good assembly attendance? Now that "we want a touchdown" is no longer reverberating, shall we not take up another cry, "We want a full house."

POULTRY CLUB

The Poultry Club has spent a considerable sum to bring to the student body motion pictures made by the International Harvester Company. Quite a number of students have attended the meetings at which these pictures were shown.

A trip to visit poultry markets in Philadelphia, as well as several Bucks County plants, was scheduled, but had to be abandoned because too many students could not afford it.

THE ORCHESTRA

Now that the football season is over, the organization adds to its personnel a tuba player and another saxophone player, Citron and Merkin, respectively.

According to Koch, the Hayseeders are preparing for the next dance, which is scheduled for January.

Sweet Young Thing—"Dammit!"

Nice Old Lady—"My word!"

S. Y. T.—"Pardon me, I didn't know I was plagiarizing."

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ALUMNI NEWS

We are grateful to the alumni for their commendable support of our football team throughout the season. We feel that they had a share in the materializing of our ambition—an undefeated season.

November 31st, Walter Groman, '21, became the father of a husky baby boy. Congratulations, Walt.

There is a rumor about that Cancelmo, '31 is married. Lots of luck. You'll need it.

Dave Kaplan, '30, is managing a poultry farm in Connecticut.

Hociak, '31, and Shipman, '30, are still at Mt. Ararat Farms in Maryland. Both doing very well.

Ben Zeider, '31, is operating his own general farm near Waterbury, Conn. Ben seems to be perfectly satisfied with the simpler life. Stick to it, Ben.

Kamison, '31, and Rosenberg, '30, have opened a floral shop in Philadelphia.

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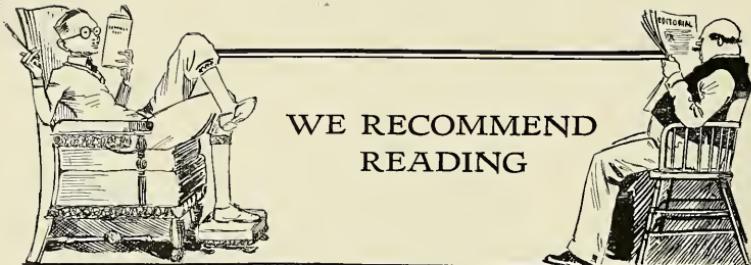


“TREES”

*I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;*

*A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.*

JOYCE KILMER.



WE RECOMMEND READING

Scientific American, for December.

“A New Way To Control Rickets”—Here is a very interesting article, especially for our embryo dairymen. The facts here are scientific, yet presented in a very readable manner.

Successful Farming, for December.

“Alfalfa”—Here is a real agricultural article, minus the usual statistical information that makes us turn over the pages rapidly. You will learn something about hay.

The Poultry Item, for December.

“A Globe Trotter Turns Poultryman”

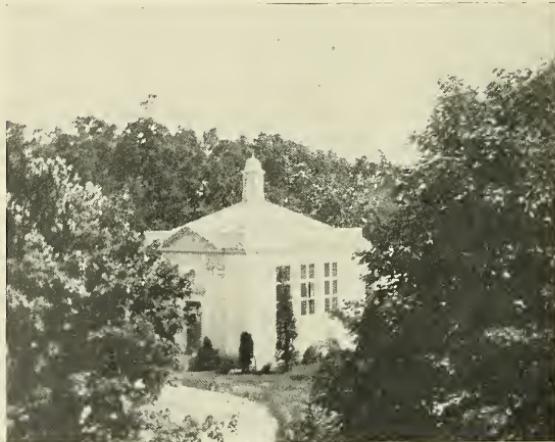
—an interesting article about a traveler who made good in the egg game. Don’t miss it!

Current History, for December.

“Exodus from Rural America”—The real story of the “Back to the Farm” controversy. Get the inside of this problem, given by one who really knows.

Hoard’s Dairymen, for December 10.

“Following the Feeder”—Here is your chance to learn all about feeding cows. This is the fourth installment of a series of live articles on dairying.



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